

# COMMERCIAL AVIATION

## — AIRLINES — AIRPORTS —



**SLEEPER TRANSPORT:** The interior accommodation of (left) the Douglas Sleeper Transport and (right) the D.C.3, which is the daytime flying version. Sixteen passengers are carried in the D.S.T., with four bunks in each of four compartments. At the rear are two furnished dressing-rooms, while aft of the control cabin is a steward's galley.

### THE WEEK AT CROYDON

*Le Touquet's Airport : Obstructions Again : A Warning Visit : Circulatory Evidence :  
The Smoking Question : Treasure Trove*

**A**IR taxi people will benefit quite a lot from the opening of the new Le Touquet airport, which is within a stone's throw (or throw o' the dice) of the town and the Casino. Somebody besides the Casino proprietor may now line his pockets with good English gold, for, do what you will, the Englishman is an inveterate gambler. Our rulers make every effort to stop him gambling his money into the pocket of a brother Briton, forgetting that, in these days, it is easy to nip across by air to the Continent—and infinitely easier to get back when compared with the creep back from, for instance, Brighton by road in a semi-asphyxiated condition.

Two Olley Air Service pilots, Captains Midgley and Bebb, recently flew all round Morocco and Spain with ten passengers in a week. The only trouble was one puncture, swiftly repaired, at Tangiers. I notice, by the way, that, in view of the special charter rush which is expected, both Personal Airways and Wrightways have recently acquired a Rapide apiece.

A fatherly Air Ministry has issued a long statement to pilots and wireless operators telling them what to do in case of thunderstorms. Wireless aerials should be wound in, passengers should be deprived of steel (but not bone) knitting-needles, goloshes should be donned in order to insulate the feet, and so forth. Oh, Whitehall, Whitehall! Probably the Admiralty issues similar instructions about not forgetting to weigh anchor before leaving port. At Croydon everything has been too easy, and I imagine that some exalted official, visiting the airport, must have said, "What! No obstructions? Tut, tut." Anyway, a new Notice to Airmen announced that, this being the height of the busy period, levelling operations (with the usual camp, complete with tea-making facilities and opportunity to sit round a brazier and smoke) would start on Monday, July 22, near the southern boundary.

Early last week Capt. Carl Florman, of A.B.A., brought a select Swedish committee of Government folk to see the airports over here. It was doubtless in the nature of an awful warning. Air Commodore Robertson showed the party round Croydon, and it was not until after they left that a large piece of the roof or ceiling descended, narrowly missing one of the oldest inhabitants. They also went to Gatwick, where it is hoped the arrivals of aircraft coincided with the departure of trains. A special A.B.A. Fokker F12, the *Värmland*, brought the party to Croydon and returned with them later in the week.

#### Baronial Barouche

It is astonishing that so few people use private aeroplanes to link up with air-line departures. Last week Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Birley were flown from their residence near Swindon in a Monospar, piloted by Mr. Cathcart Jones, to catch the K.L.M. machine to Berlin. In a field near the colonel's residence a runway was mown and prepared for the take-off. This is a function for which Heracles or Scylla would be admirably adapted during their declining years. James at the controls, complete with cockade, and Charles, with rigidly folded arms, sitting in a cataleptic trance beside him.

Last week's perfectly true story concerns one of the air liners noted rather for its size and comfort than for its excessive cruising speed. A passenger sent his compliments to the captain by the steward and asked if there was a tail wind. The answer was in the affirmative. "I thought so," said the passenger, "for there is the devil of a draught blowing up the cabin from the tail." It is a quaint fact that any air circulating in an aeroplane cabin always blows towards the nose, and this reminds me of a certain noble personage who retired to the tail compartment of a large machine for a secret pull at an expensive cigar. The price-